

The Well

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Summary: A short story based off of an epic match I had in a Half-Life based game, Team Fortress Classic. Set in the map, 'The Well'. Hopefully it's good!

The Well

(A/N: This is just a short story about one of my favorite Half-Life based games, Team Fortress Classic. It's based on a TFC match I played last Sunday, all the player names are what they really play as. It popped into my head at school and I decided to just spend a couple hours writing it. There's some obvious changes for those that've played the game, but enjoy anyway!

P.S. - you can skip the class descriptions if you want to, but it might be helpful.)

All classes carry either a knife or a crowbar as a melee weapon.

Scout " The lightest armed and armored of all the classes, but also the fastest, armed with a single barrel pump shotgun and a nail gun. He also carries concussion grenades and caltrops.

Sniper " Has medium health and armor, carries a sniper rifle that can double as an auto rifle, and a nail gun. He also carries ordinary fragmentation grenades.

Demo(Demolitions)-man " His armor and health are stronger than the Sniper, he carries a grenade launcher with two available types of grenades and a single barrel pump shotgun. He also carries regular frag grenades and a special type of grenade called the MIRV grenade.

Soldier " The most heavily armored class, equipped with a rocket launcher, a double barrel pump shotgun, and a single barrel pump shotgun. Also carries regular frag grenades and special nail grenades.

Medic â€" Slightly less armored than the demo-man, carries a double and single barreled pump shotgun, a nail gun, and a special health device in place of a melee weapon that can be used to heal their teammates. Also carries frag grenades and concussion grenades.

Spy â€" Same armor as the medic, carries a double barreled shotgun, a tranquilizer gun, a nail gun, and has the ability to cloak himself as a member of the opposing team. Also carries frag grenades and hallucination grenades.

Engineer â€" Similar in armor to the sniper, carries a rail gun and a double barreled shotgun, carries a wrench as a melee weapon, and has the ability to build automated sentry guns to assist his team. Also carries frag grenades and EMP grenades.

Pyro â€" Slightly less armored than the soldier, carries a special type of rocket launcher that shoots less powerful flame rockets, a flame thrower, and a single barrel shotgun. Also carries frag grenades and incendiary grenades.

Some classes have special abilities which assist in their gameplay.

Rules of gameplay: There are two ways to win. The first way is to eliminate all members of the opposing team (the Elimination Rule). If this cannot be done in the allotted time, the win goes to the team with the most captures of the flag, regardless of how many members they have left. But no matter how many flag captures a team has, if every one of their members are eliminated, they lose.

The Well

My name is Dirty Harry. Well, that's not my real name, but in the virtual world game of Team Fortress Classic, nothing is real. All players go by code names, and mine is Dirty Harry. I am a sniper for my team.

There are twelve members on each team, one scout, two snipers, two demo-man, one soldier, two medics, one spy, two engineers, and one pyro. My team is playing for the TFC Championship, an event broadcast on televisions across the world. The game is being held on a level known as 'The Well'. We are the blue team, wearing blue suits; they are red, with red suits. Their team has not lost a game this season, one of their wins earlier in the regular season over mine by way of the Elimination Rule. This was how they always won.

They had managed four captures of our flag so far and surprisingly we had managed to outscore them, the score being blue 5, red 4. That was what had happened last time. Our lead did not last long with their two star players, the soldier, Jawn, and their medic, simply named KA. Until they had appeared my team had done well. Between them, they had managed to eliminate six members of our team. The game went down until it was two on two. KA and Jawn, against myself and one of our demo-men, GSP.

I stood inside of our resupply room, where I had been hiding for the last few minutes. It was the only place inaccessible to the enemy, and even then, there was a limit to how long you could be inside. I was approaching that limit. If I passed it, I would be vaporized

instantly. I tapped into my suits radio, hoping to get ahold of GSP.

"GSP, you still online?"

A moment passed before he answered.

"Yes. I'm in our attic."

I exited the resupply room and went into the level itself. A corridor went off to my right and another went straight, opening up into a much larger and very tall, rectangular, cereal box shaped room.

Ten feet up, a walkway ran around the perimeter of the room, accessible only by the ladders on either side of the door to the flag room, which was to the left and in the center of the room. I climbed up to the second floor, looking to the level fifteen feet above that. There, in the freely accessible supply area, I saw GSP crouched, replenishing his health, armor, and ammo.

I walked around the walkway and to a narrow corridor, which went over top of the supply room I'd just been in before making a 180 degree turn, and leading out to the sniper room. Two long windows overlooked the outside portion of the level. The blue base and the red base were completely symmetrical, designed in exactly the same way. The expansive yard outside was about as big as two football fields side by side, with no cover whatsoever except for two canals, which were filled with murky green water.

I hurried across the sniper deck and to the elevator platform in the middle of the room. I saw no sign of Jawn or KA as I looked outside. I stepped onto the platform and with a loud grinding noise it rose up the fifteen feet automatically, bringing me to the supply area called the attic. Another elevator platform directly across from the one I'd just ridden would bring you to the upper level of the flag room.

GSP stood up, having just gotten done resupplying.

"What do you plan on doing?" I asked him.

"Oh, I've got a few ideas." I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was smiling behind his suit helmet. I just nodded.

GSP and I were very close in real life. In fact, he was my father. (A/N- My dad and I really do play TFC together. I play as Dirty Harry, he plays as GSP.) Together we were a dangerous team, but nowhere near as dangerous as Jawn and KA.

Just as he took a breath to speak again, we heard the door to our base open with a loud clang. We looked at each other, knowing what was coming.

We stepped up onto the elevator and it brought us up, clanging into place with a haunting finality. The flag room was a huge chamber, dull grey concrete all around, some of it painted with a peeling blue paint. The chamber was rectangular on our end, the walkway we stood on also running around the perimeter of the room before curving in at the far end, to the room where the flag itself was kept.

The flag capture room was directly below the flag room, on the floor

at least twenty five feet down. On either side of the door to the flag room stood a large, crane like elevator that, when stepped upon brought you up to the walkway, making it easy to get to the flag. The down below us was mostly more murky, green water, with two 'islands'. One held the capture room and the elevators up. A bridge also spanned the water, allowing you to cross and get to the 'island' directly below us, where a door led back into the rectangular, cereal box shaped chamber.

We readied our weapons, but of course, KA never took the elevators. The medic came through the path below us, blasting himself through the air using a concussion grenade, a skill that took quite a bit of practice. These guys were good. He landed softly on the walkway near the flag room, dodging inside and causing my bullet to miss completely. GSP fired a couple grenades across the chamber, both landing and exploding inside the flag room.

I readied my sniper rifle as I heard the robotic male voice that was our automated alert system blast through my radio.

"The enemy has _your _flag!"

_Like hell, _I thought, grinding my teeth together. I wouldn't let this sucker kill me like last time. Again the medic appeared, again he blasted himself across, and again I missed. He sailed straight through the air, landing lightly and dropping down into our attic.

"Damn it!" GSP cursed aloud, and I could swear I heard a laugh from down below. Both he and I dropped down to pursue KA. But the medic was gone, and I came face to face with Jawn. He lashed out with his rocket launcher, sending me tumbling almost out of the attic, as I only barely managed to clasp onto the walkway. He lashed out at GSP next, who ducked and swept his legs through Jawn's. A desperate smile crossed my face as I saw him take down Jawn.

Both threw their weapons away and were on their feet in an instant. Jawn threw a blur of a right hook, and GSP brought up his left arm, blocking the blow and driving his own right fist up into Jawn's face.

Jawn, empowered by the embarrassment he'd just suffered that'd been broadcasted on live TV throughout the whole world, wove his right arm around GSP's left, pivoting his body forward and throwing the demo-man onto his back. GSP lashed out with a powerful kick that sent Jawn tumbling back and out of the attic.

He twirled around in the air like a cat, landing lightly on the ground and scooping up his previously dropped rocket launcher. By then I had climbed back up and picked up my rifle, and I was in the process of aiming. Jawn turned and ran, apparently deciding it wasn't worth the risk. I helped GSP up, and in a matter of moments we managed to get down and back into our private supply room.

"The enemy team captured the flag!"

The score was now 5-5. Both of us scowled, but then we smiled. We knew what we would do.

"Alright," GSP said, "We've got one shot at this. And we're gonna

take 'em."

I picked up two grenades and headed out the door, switching my rifle into auto mode. GSP led us to the water canal on the red side, diving in without hesitation. I followed. We swam to the left, where I saw the opening to the underwater tunnel. We swam for all we were worth, hearing yet another notification as we did so.

"The enemy has _your _flag!"

Damn, they don't stop.

The water tunnel took us directly into the red team flag room, where GSP hurried up into the capture room. He switched his grenade launcher from the contact grenades, to the trigger grenades. All GSP had to do was push a button, and they'd explode. He placed eight of them, four on either side of the door, and both of us hurried up the elevator to the walkway above. The machine just barely clanged back into place on the ground floor when KA entered the room, flag in hand. He skipped across the bridge, completely unaware of what we had in store for him. He went into the flag room.

BOOOOOOOM!

The explosion echoed through the entire base, incinerating KA immediately. The indestructible flag flew out of the room at an incredible rate, landing right beside me. All I had to do was touch it and it returned to our base.

"_Your _flag has returned."

"YEEEHAAA!" GSP cried out.

"Hahaha!" I laughed as well. That was the first death that guy had suffered the entire season!

Both of us hurried across the walkway and to the red flag room, GSP taking the flag in his hand.

"_Your team _has the enemy flag!"

We hurried out of the room. Jawn stood on the opposite side of the room, rocket launcher at the ready. He fired, and both of us leapt away at the same time. The force of the blast impacting the walkway sent me sailing through the air, and I only just managed to keep a grip on my rifle. GSP was still on the walkway above, and I saw him toss the flag down to me.

"GO!" he ordered, as Jawn open fired on him with his shotgun. I knew I shouldn't have watched, but I was so transfixedâ€¦ I couldn't move. GSP pulled out his shotgun as well, having forgotten to reload his grenade launcher. Jawn charged him like an angry bull, stopping just short to toss an expertly primed grenade into GSP's face.

The explosion killed him instantly, vaporizing his body and sending him back to the real world. Anger filled my mind, but I ignored it and swam back out through the water tunnel. Jawn didn't let me go that easily. He took the dry way outside, and was at the door exiting his base as I came up. He open fired on me, the shotgun pellets draining my armor substantially. I carried the flag with my left hand

and held my nail gun with the right, firing it over my shoulder as I ran.

Jawn was able to dodge most of the slow moving projectiles, but it was enough to allow me to get to the door of my base. Jawn made up for that by aiming his rocket launcher at his feet, and rocket blasting himself across the level; that was a soldier's special ability. With their heavy armor, they were able to do that. He landed just as I got through the door, firing away with his shotgun. He discarded his rocket launcher so he could run faster.

I knew I couldn't go into my resupply room or I'd be trapped. So I hurried through the base, almost making it across the bridge before Jawn caught me. The flag tumbled from my grip, landing with a metallic clang just beside the door to the capture room. He kicked my rifle and my nail gun away, sending both weapons sinking into the watery pit beneath the bridge. He aimed his shotgun down at me triumphantly, and I closed my eyes. The shot never came.

Jawn through his weapon away, and I knew that was my chance. I kicked him much like GSP had done earlier, and was able to get back up onto my feet.

He stumbled back, taking out his long knife. I removed my crowbar.

He swung his knife at me, and I was only just able to parry the blow with my crowbar. The machete scraped against the metal of the crowbar sickeningly. He shot three more blows at me, all of which I was able to deflect. Then I attacked him, and with a flick of my wrist, I sent his knife to the same watery grave my weapons had gone. I swung the crowbar at his head, but with a reaction far quicker than any I could ever hope to have, he grabbed the tool in mid swing, yanking it out of my hand and tossing it behind him. He drove his knee into my stomach, and I fell to the ground, dizzy and breathless. He lifted me up by the collar of my suit, squeezing my neck tightly.

"I'm gonna wring you nice 'n slow."

I choked. "You're feelin' lucky."

He smirked. I smirked back. My hands finally found the object they searched; a grenade. I yanked it off my belt, pulling the pin as I went. I jammed it down inside his suit, causing him to release me instantly.

"Screw you." He said, and then he was gone. My grenade detonated everything he had, and the explosion slammed me into the capture room door, right beside the flag. My head hurt, my ears rang, and the single red digit pulsed in the bottom left corner of my vision.

One health. I smiled deliriously. One health! With a sudden burst of energy, I jumped up and grabbed the flag, walking confidently into the capture room. I placed the flag on the raised platform in the room and smiled once more as the final words rang through my ears.

"_You _captured the enemy flag!"

(Ending notes: Hopefully anyone that actually made it through this

enjoyed reading it as much as I did writing. If I have any more matches that were as epic as the one I based this off of, I might just make more of these stories, or add on to this one. But for now, this is it. Thanks for takin' the time to read it!

-ANonymouS789

End
file.